To the WORSHIPFUL

EDWARD COLE, Esq; Mayor,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy Inhabitants of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Pariſh of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *December* 1777, to the 21ſt Day of *December* 1778; incluſive of the Perſons (in Number 7) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King*'s-*Head* Lane, 2; and alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 3; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 3; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	2	Convulſions	1	Dropſy	6	Inflammation	2	Palſey	2
Aged	7	Conſumptions	16	Drowned	1	Lethargy	0	Rheumatiſm	1
Aſthma	2	Cough	1	Fevers	13	Lunacy	1	Small-Pox	0
Abſceſs	2	Childbed	2	Fiſtula	0	Meaſles	0	Teeth	4
Apoplexy	0	Cholic	1	Fits	9	Mortification	2	Thruſh	2

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	30	Ten and Twenty	2	Forty and Fifty	5	Seventy and Eighty	7
Between Two and Five	4	Twenty and Thirty	7	Fifty and Sixty	4	Eighty and Ninety	1
Five and Ten	1	Thirty and Forty	7	Sixty and Seventy	3	Ninety and an Hundred	1

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
All-Saints.	63	40	103	33	39	72
St. Sepulchre's.	20	16	36	28	9	37
St. Giles's.	9	20	29	20	14	34
St. Peter's.	4	1	5	5	4	9
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh				3	2	5
In the whole Town.	96	77	173	89	68	157
	Decreaſed		19	Decreaſed		138

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. Hor.

INSPIRING Genius of the mournful Verſe,
The King of Terrors' Victories rehearſe;
With ſolemn Pace, and ſlow, advance, ariſe,
Grim Death's pale Conqueſts place before our Eyes:
Wan Spectres, dreary unembodied Forms,
Fair Features once, but now the Prey of Worms:
The breathleſs Corpſe of ſome departed Friend,
Some lov'd Companion, hurry'd to his End:
The dim, ſunk Eye-Balls, that once ſhone with Joy,
Sparkl'd with Spirit, Grace,---without Alloy:
How chang'd! How alter'd now! Their Glory gone!
Darkneſs, and dread Deformity alone!
Why ſtart we at the melancholic View?
Be it familiar---it is nothing new:
The Rich, the Poor, the Lofty, and the Low,
Submit, without Diſtinction, to the Blow.
What ev'ry Day preſents to Human Sight,
The ſame, before this very ſetting Light,
May be the Caſe of any living Man;
For what is Life?---a ſhort uncertain Span:
A Tenure, no one knows how ſoon it may
Flee without Warning, and be ſnatch'd away.

To mortal Man no Certainty is giv'n;
Let him await with Fear the Will of Heav'n,
How gracious the Decree, benevolent, benign!
Our Time on Earth appointed thus to ſcreen:
To hide the Page of Fate, that none may ſee
Th' unfolded Leaves of future Deſtiny.
What could it profit to foreknow the Hour
Of Death's Approach with unreſiſted Power?
What to be told the Limits of our Courſe
Fix'd, and unalter'd by our utmoſt Force?
In Sorrow ſhould we travel on our Road,
Heavy the Burthen, unſupportable the Load!
With fearful Ken behold the diſtant Goal,
The Law preſcrib'd unable to controul.
The fell Diſturber of the public Peace,
Ravage, and frequent Murders might increaſe:
Th' Adulterer his Crime might oft renew,
As his Time ſhort'ned, and his Days were few.
Thus every Vice more ſtrongly would prevail,
Virtue, alas! too weak, muſt wholly fail.
Dark, ſecret is ordain'd the Will of Fate,
To ſmooth the rugged Brow of this frail State.
Do Doubts ariſe? Enough yet Chriſtians know,
Let us according to our Knowledge DO.
The Path right on we ſee that leads to GOD,
Clear is the Track, that Saints of Old have trod:
Religion's ſure, nor devious is the Way;
Oh! let not Sinners draw thy Steps aſtray:
Hold on, firm, ſteady, uniform, and even,
This, this will bring thee to the Walls of Heaven;
Thy Saviour's Merits will unbar the Door,
And crown thy bliſsful Entrance EVERMORE.

BRITISH 11 NO 68 MUSEUM